

# SPAWN



Capullo  
by  
DAW.

121



DIGITAL  
EDITION

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TODD McFARLANE AND  
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

# salvation road - part 1

DEDICATED TO  
SWOLLEN MEMBERS

**PLOT**

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BRIAN HOLGUIN

**STORY**

BRIAN HOLGUIN

**PENCILS**

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**INKS**

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## SPAWN 120 SUMMARY

Cog reveals both his origin as Cain and the contents of the mysterious box. Did the box actually contain a piece of the Garden of Eden, or did it only contain the dream of a perfect world? While keeping his word that he would never serve a day in Hell, Cog grants Spawn the one thing he has always desired: to return to Earth, not as the disfigured Hellspawn, but as Al Simmons. Suddenly, on a rainy, New York night, Al finds himself in the middle of the city, apparently as a normal human for the first time in many years. When dealing with Hell, however, things are not always exactly as they seem as a shadow-less Al will soon find out.



TODD McFARLANE  
PRODUCTIONS

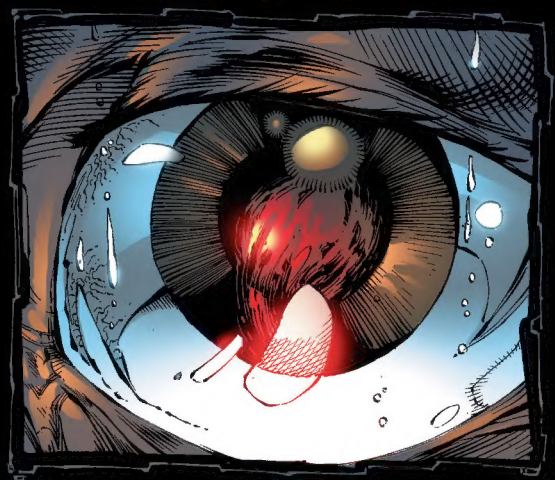
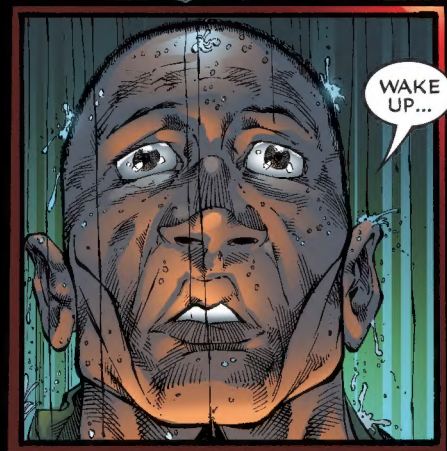
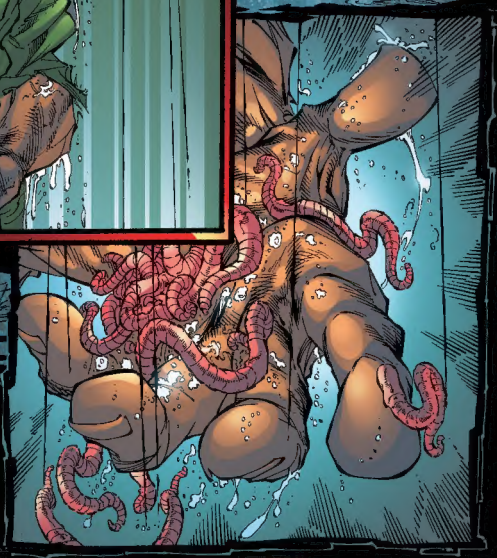


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NEW YORK.

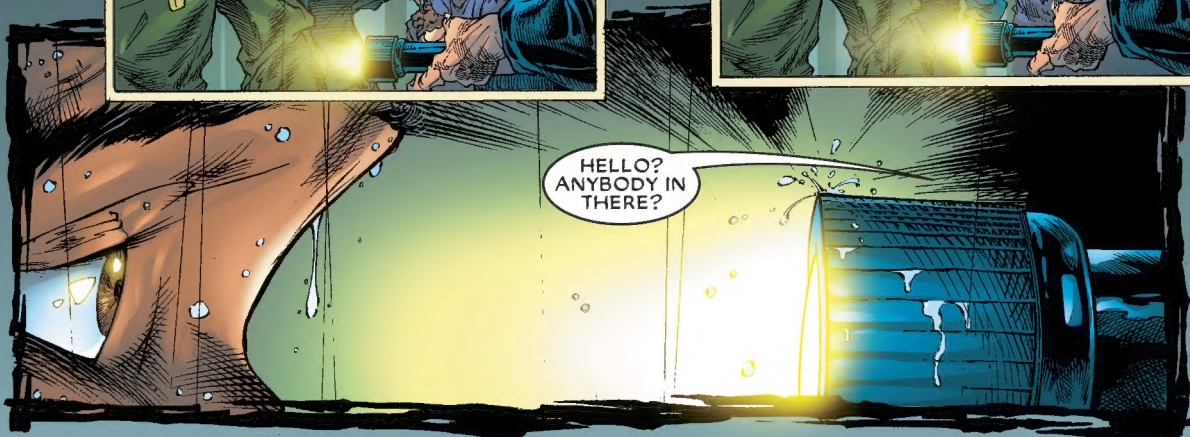
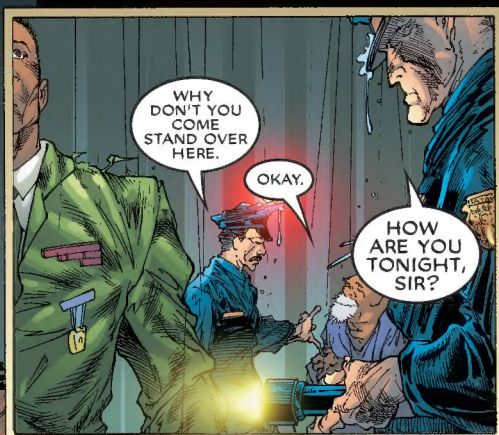
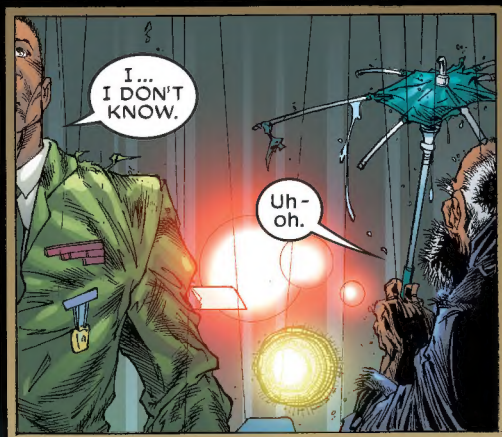




IT'S JUST  
A  
DREAM...











DON'T  
**TOUCH**  
ME!

Unff!

AAAHH!

SON OF  
A BITCH!

YOU  
GOT  
HIM?

NO.

WHOA!  
TAKE IT  
EASY!

FACE  
DOWN! FACE  
**DOWN!**

HELP!  
HATE CRIME!  
**HATE  
CRIME!**







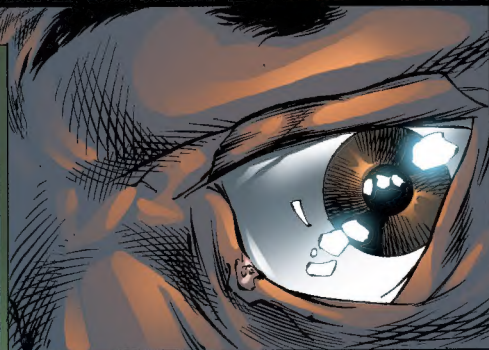
THANK  
YOU. NOW  
TURN TO  
YOUR  
RIGHT.



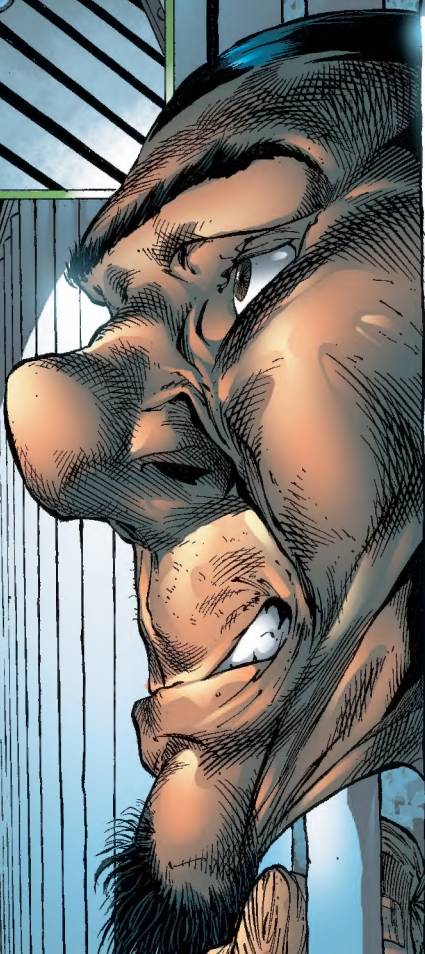
THANK  
YOU.



HEY,  
BUDDY.



WHAT  
ARE  
YOU IN  
FOR?







I'M NOT SURE.

SHY FELLOW, HUH?

KNOW WHAT THEY NAILED ME FOR? STOLEN CAR. TRANSPORTATION ACROSS STATE LINES. I'LL BE OUT IN TWO DAYS, TOPS.



THEY PULLED ME OVER AND I THOUGHT MY NUMBER WAS UP. BUT THESE COPS, THEY DON'T HAVE A CLUE. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



NO IDEA WHO THEY GOT LOCKED UP IN HERE.



YOU READ THE PAPERS? THE BALTIMORE RAZOR?



YOU'RE LOOKING AT HIM, PAL. THAT'S RIGHT. IT'S BEEN ALL OVER THE NEWS. HELL, I'M A CELEBRITY.



AND I'M GONNA SLIP RIGHT THROUGH THEIR FAT LITTLE FINGERS.



THIS IS  
A WASTE OF  
TIME.

IS IT?  
NO KIDDING?  
THANKS FOR  
SHARING.

I'M JUST  
SAYING.  
FREAKIN'  
STAKEOUTS.  
WHAT A JOKE.  
LIKE TWISTELLI'S  
GONNA WHACK  
A GUY RIGHT  
IN FRONT OF  
OUR CAR. I  
HATE THIS  
CRAP.

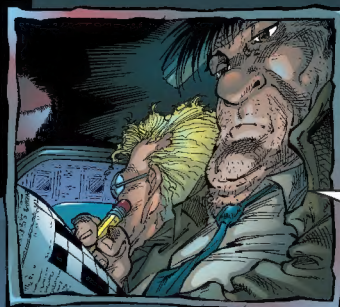
HEY,  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT MIGHT  
MAKE IT  
BETTER? IF YOU  
COMPLAINED  
SOME MORE.  
TIME FLIES  
WHEN YOU  
BITCH AND  
MOAN.

I FORGOT  
YOU WERE SO  
SENSITIVE.

I'M JUST  
SAYING.

FINE.  
I'LL JUST  
SIT HERE  
AND DO THE  
CROSSWORD.  
THAT  
OKAY?

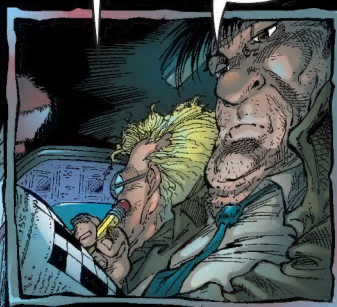
DON'T  
STRAIN  
YOUR-  
SELF.



WELL...  
LOOKIT  
THIS. A  
NINE-LETTER  
WORD FOR  
"PARTNER."

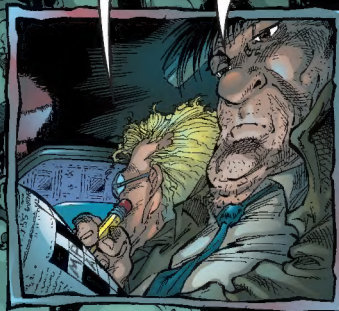
ASSOCIATE.

Shhh!  
I CAN DO  
THIS  
MYSELF.

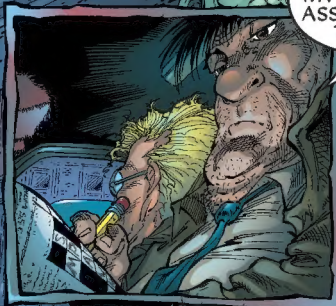


SO  
DO  
IT.

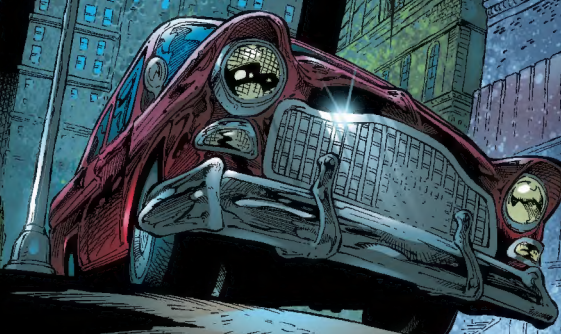
A...S...S...



...M.O.N.K.E.Y...  
ASS MONKEY."  
MY PARTNER IS AN  
ASS MONKEY." HEY,  
THIS IS FUN.



A RIOT.







-- WHEN THEY COME TO, THAT'S WHEN THE REAL FUN STARTS. TAKE YOUR RAZOR BLADES AND SLIDE THEM UNDER THE SKIN, BETWEEN THE FLESH AND MUSCLES.

NICE AND SLOW LIKE.

I USUALLY START WITH THE THIGHS. THEN THE SHINS. THEN THE SOFT, FLESHY PART JUST BELOW THE ARMPIT.



CHRIST, YOU SHOULD HEAR THEM SCREAM. BUT YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU PUT 'EM, WHAT ORDER YOU DO IT. YOU DON'T WANT THEM TO BLEED TO DEATH TOO FAST.



IT'S AN ART. I'M NOT TOO MODEST TO SAY THAT. TAKE THIS LAST LITTLE CHICA. YOU KNOW HOW MANY BLADES I SHOVED IN HER BEFORE SHE CROAKED?

GUESS. EIGHTY-SIX. SWEAR TO GOD. EIGHTY-SIX.



SHOULDA HEARD THE CRUNCH SHE MADE WHEN I LAID MY WEIGHT ON TOP OF HER LIKE A BAG OF POTATO CHIPS. EIGHTY-SIX. GOTTA BE SOME KIND A RECORD.



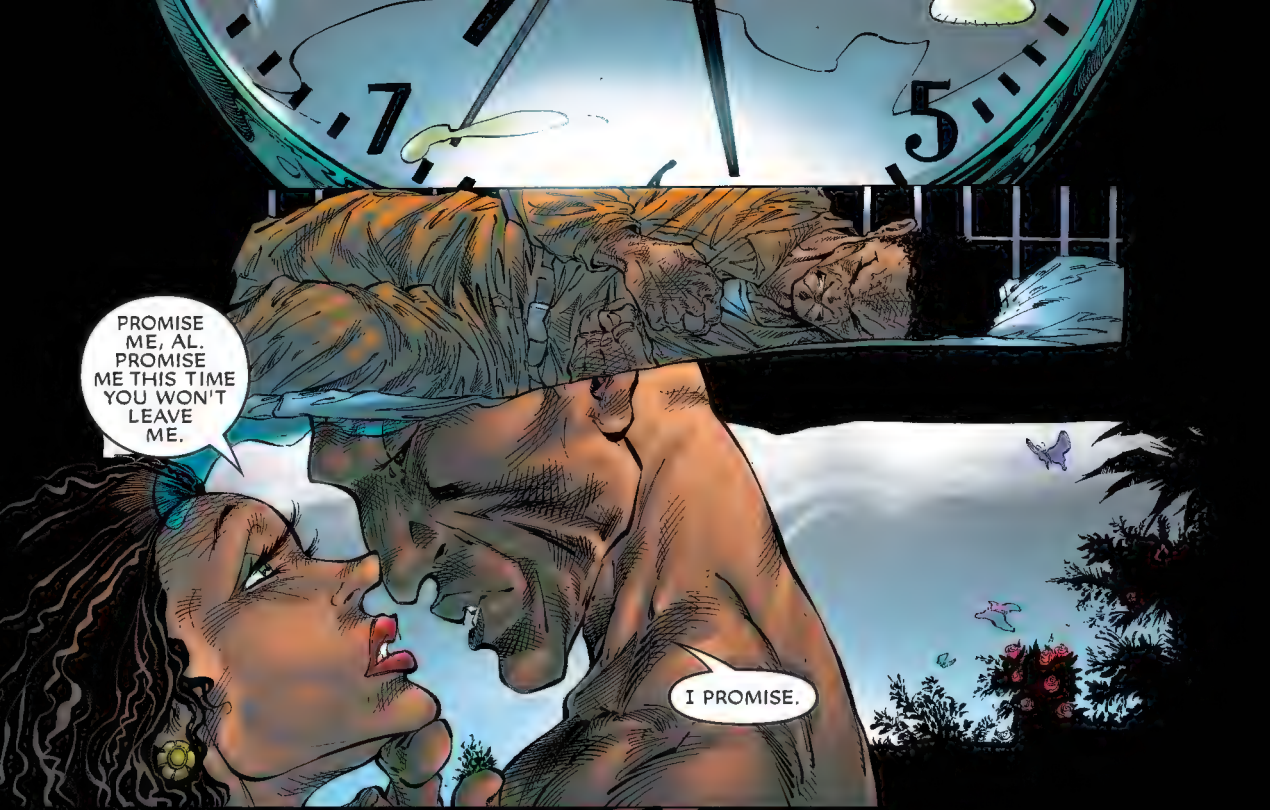
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: "WHO'S THIS CLOWN, TALKING OUT HIS ASS LIKE THAT?"

YOU THINK I'M JUST TALKING TOUGH? TRYING TO INTIMIDATE YOU? MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. MAYBE I'M MESSING WITH YOU. KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT, MEAT.



DEEP DOWN YOU KNOW THE TRUTH. SWEET DREAMS, SHY BOY.





PROMISE  
ME, AL.  
PROMISE  
ME THIS TIME  
YOU WON'T  
LEAVE  
ME.

I PROMISE.



AAAA!?

Nooo!!

COME ON,  
WAKE UP!

YOU.  
GET UP.  
LET'S  
GO.





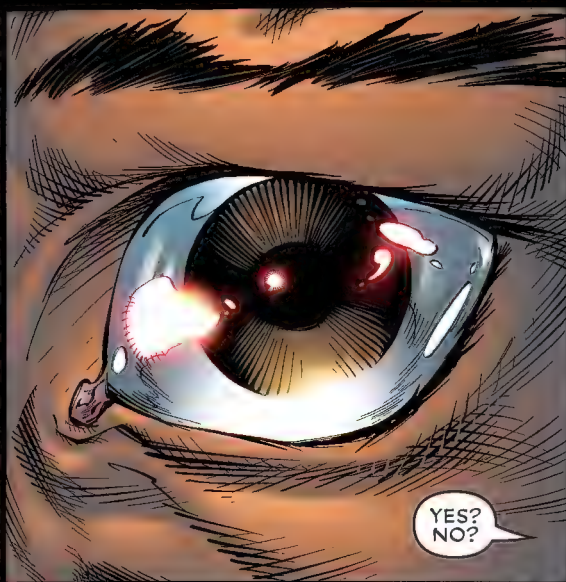




MISSING, HUH? IT SAYS YOU WERE...YOU WERE IN A UNIFORM? IS THAT RIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR.

IN THE MILITARY? YOU ON LEAVE? GO AWOL, MAYBE?



YES? NO?



I DON'T KNOW. SORRY.

YOU WERE FOUND WANDERING AROUND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU WERE DOING LAST NIGHT?



NO SIR. I DON'T THINK SO.

OKAY...



LISTEN UP, AL.  
YOU'RE IN A LOT OF  
TROUBLE. IT'S MY JOB  
TO TRY AND HELP YOU.  
THAT'S WHAT I GET  
PAID FOR.

BUT  
YOU GOT  
TO TRUST ME,  
AT LEAST AS  
FAR AS WHAT  
HAPPENED  
LAST NIGHT,  
OKAY?

NOW, I'M  
GONNA TRY  
SOMETHING. THE  
WIFE DOES THIS  
WHEN I CAN'T  
REMEMBER WHERE  
I PUT MY CAR  
KEYS.

JUST  
RELAX  
NOW. TAKE  
A DEEP  
BREATH.

GOOD.  
NOW  
BREATHE  
OUT, NICE  
AND  
SLOW.

CLOSE  
YOUR EYES  
AND CLEAR  
YOUR MIND  
FOR A  
SECOND. JUST  
RELAX AND  
BREATHE.  
SLOWLY, IN  
AND OUT.

NO  
PRESSURE.  
NO PRESSURE  
AT ALL.

WANDA.

NOW...  
JUST TELL  
ME THE FIRST  
THING THAT  
ENTERS YOUR  
MIND. DON'T  
THINK, JUST  
SAY IT.













WHO THE HELL--?



mmphuh  
phumphuh



YOU  
KNOW WHY  
I'M HERE.





WELL, LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN.

HEY LIZ. WHAT IT IS?

JUST GETTING READY TO KNOCK OFF.

SLOW NIGHT?

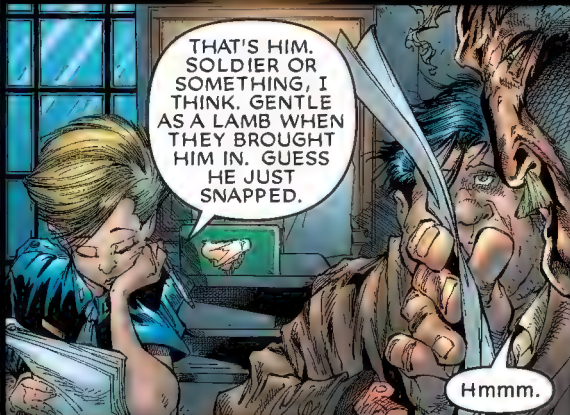
PRETTY MUCH. SOME JOHN DOE PUNCHED OUT BRIGGS AND JACKSON.



WERE THEY HURT?

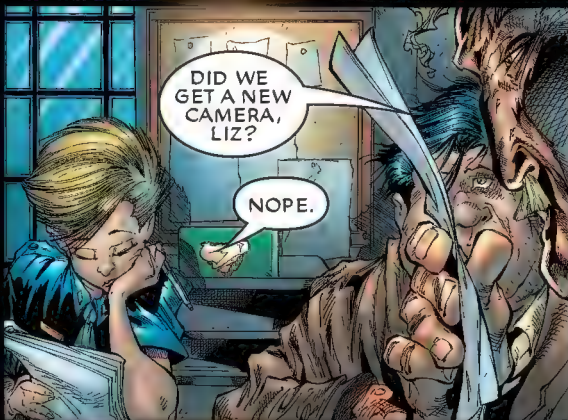
LOT OF BRUISES. BRIGGS GOT HIS SHOULDER DISLOCATED.

Phhht. LOSER. THIS THE GUY? BIG FELLA, AIN'T HE?



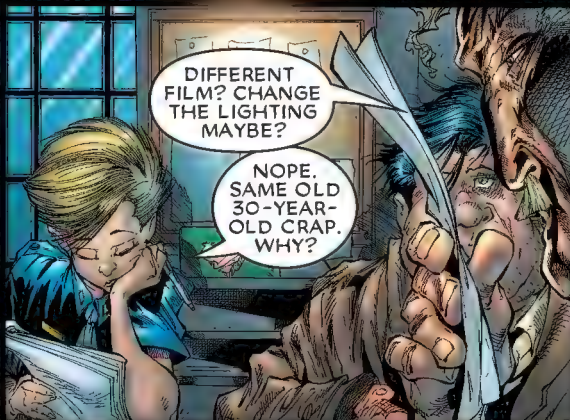
THAT'S HIM. SOLDIER OR SOMETHING, I THINK. GENTLE AS A LAMB WHEN THEY BROUGHT HIM IN. GUESS HE JUST SNAPPED.

Hmmm.



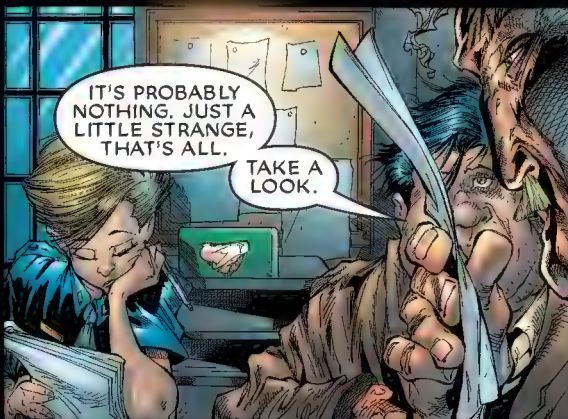
DID WE GET A NEW CAMERA, LIZ?

NOPE.



DIFFERENT FILM? CHANGE THE LIGHTING MAYBE?

NOPE. SAME OLD 30-YEAR-OLD CRAP. WHY?



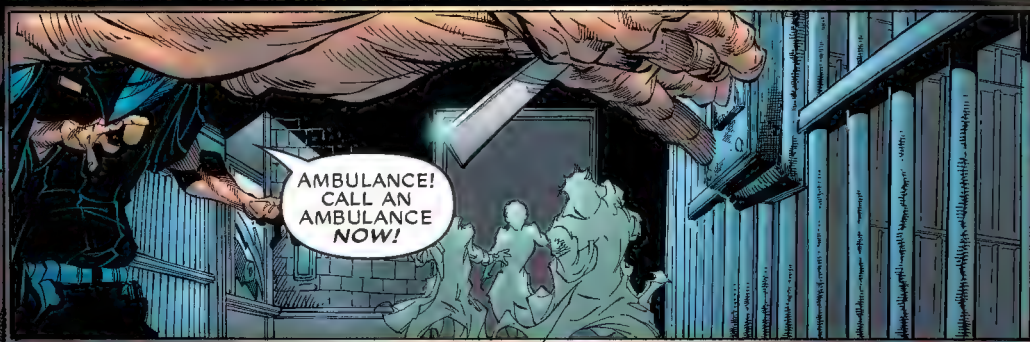
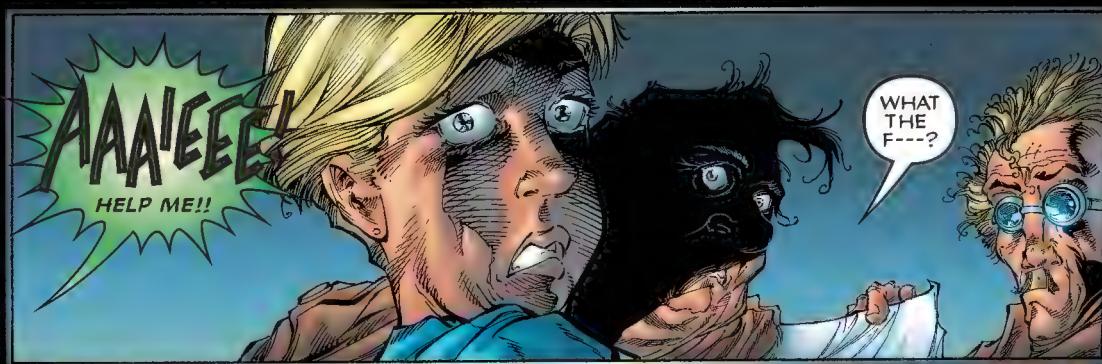
IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING. JUST A LITTLE STRANGE, THAT'S ALL.

TAKE A LOOK.



HE DOESN'T HAVE A SHADOW.









huh-  
HELP  
ME...





SORRY...  
I'M  
SORRY...



WHO  
COULDA  
GOT IN  
THERE?

NO ONE.  
IT WAS  
LOCKED!

SO,  
WHAT? HE  
RIPPED HIS  
OWN SKIN  
OFF?

WHAT  
A  
MESS.

THIS IS  
GOING TO  
MAKE THAT  
PLUNGER FIASCO  
LOOK LIKE A DAY  
AT THE BEACH.  
HOW COULD  
SOMETHIN'  
LIKE THIS  
HAPPEN?

I DON'T  
EVEN  
WANT TO  
GUESS.

QUEENS, NEW YORK.



HE WUZZA  
SKA-TER BOY!  
SHE SAID SEE YOU  
LAT-ER BOY!



HE  
WASN'T  
GOOD  
E-NUFF  
FOR--

CYAN!  
HUSH,  
HONEY!  
I'M ON  
THE PHONE.

meep

HELLO.  
THIS IS  
WANDA. YES...  
I'M SORRY,  
WHAT?





oh my  
god...







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE